

CRAVENSONG.

BY H. D.

(For The Times)

Cradled down in mother's arm,
 Baby dear,
Sleep in peace, secure from harm,
 Mother's here.
Girded round by many a prayer,
 Guarded round by many a prayer,
Slain on my baby fair
 Free from fear.

Shun the starry, deep blue eyes,
 Little love,
Like the lake or summer skies,
 When day is done—
May they ever see those sights,
 Which the angel pure delights,
When the record brave he writes
 Of victories won.

Fold the dimpled hands so white,
 Baby own,
Pink within as sea shells bright,
 Or rose have shown,
Savior, may thy mission be,
 Bathing hearts nearer Thee,
Purse these small hands I see,
 To sin unknown.

Let those lips stop cooing so,
 Little love,
Sweet in soft zephyrs blow,
 Or call a dove,
Be they, Lord, to Thy work bick,
 Speaking full of loving zest
Of Thy love, and offered rest
 And home above.

In the everlasting arms,
 My sweet heart,
Safe at all that ever harms
 From me part,
Workers ever for thy King,
 Sinners unto Him to bring,
While thy lips His praises sing,
 Be thy part.

LEONORA AND TOMALIS;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF A MEXICAN CANAL.

BY JOHN R. COHEN.

Tomalis! Tomalis! Tomalis!

For a moment I closed my eyes and had to think where I was. Reminiscences and memories of a day surged over my mind like a mill-race. It was a day of days in my life, fraught with pleasure, yes, a great deal of pleasure, and excitement, too, more than is usually allotted by the divine Creator to one in a single rising and going down of the sun.

And the shouting of his wares by that street vendor, here in Atlanta, brought it all back to me.

It has been two years, and "pepo mas o menas," more than two months, as the inhabitants of old Mexico, where the scene of this incident laid, would say, since I was sitting on a tall stool in the auditor's office of the Mexican National railroad.

The agony of trying to add up "immeasurable" figures, the fact that I hadn't heard from one in the "States" in whom I took an absorbing interest, and the possibility of my having to remain in that land of cactus, pulque and greasers for a long time did not contrive to me in a humor of great benignity.

When the day's work was finished I shut up with a slam the big book of red and blue cross lines and small figures. The picturesque City of Mexico, with its wealth of things to see and its dearth of things beautiful, had grown tiresome, and I was yearning from a malady that has been called "traveling" under the sun, and longing, I, for a lack of something more applicable, will call "home-sickness."

The inspiring strains of the famous Mexican band, playing the beauties of the Republic, on the Zocalo, in front of the Nation's Palace, as I wandered along to seek the seclusion of my hotel, did not have the effect of taking the dull, cold, sorrowful edge off my spirits.

No one had written me. Of that fact I was positively certain. For didn't all of my correspondents send my letters to the office of the railroad? I didn't know anybody in Mexico, and didn't want to. At least, that's what I said to myself.

But I was mistaken. There was a letter. It was sent from somewhere in the city, too. But then I didn't thrill. I had a faint suspicion that it was a bill. I had bought some clothes in the city, and though they had not been sent to me, I suspected that his tailoring, with the usual suspicion that Mexicans have of "engrangers," had sent the bill first.

I opened it without excitement, and my only sensation in doing so was one of extreme loathing for the poor innocent tailor.

For he was innocent.

The missive was an invitation of a Mexican gentleman to visit his house and meet his family.

Sonor Don Jose Correa little thought what an amount of pleasure his note of invitation had given me. That night I could hardly sleep in anticipation of the joy great I was to experience on the following evening.

Visions of beautiful black-eyed sirens, with luminous eyes, and falling in grace, ful folds over the shapely shoulders of Mexican girls, flitted through my mind. All during the night I gave vent to little ejaculatory expressions of enthusiasm, which brought down upon me the impressions of my sleepy-headed room-mate (who hadn't been invited). My happiness was maligned.

For was I not to penetrate the seemingly impossible seclusion of a Mexican home, to which seldom Mexicans are admitted, and only once in a thousand times Americans are allowed entrance?

The time finally came for me to present myself. I must confess that the next feelings I had experienced had worn off, and a spirit of timidity came over me. No, I didn't want to go. Oh no, but I had never been to a Mexican home and knew nothing of the social customs of the country, and my state of mind was not one of extreme tranquility.

Calling the roll of my courage I found that it was all there, and catching hold of the long brass knocker I smacked it against the tremendous big door with all my strength, just to keep up that aforesaid courage.

In a few moments a mozo appeared, and telling me in Spanish to follow him, I proceeded to tramp through the patio and up the stone stairs. In a few moments we reached the door of the parlor.

He opened it and ushered me in.

Coming from the poorly lit patio, at first I was rather dimmed by the light. But I almost immediately became conscious of the room, and while the servant was gone I had a chance to come to myself and take a look around me.

All I remember of the room was that it was illuminated by, it may have been hundreds, it seemed to me thousands, of wax candles. They diffused different colored lights through shades of paper and glass over the pinkish frescoed walls and low, bushy-legged furniture, producing a weird yet pleasing effect.

On the floors rugs immemorable were to be seen, and over an upright piano, which though beautiful to me now, then looked gaudy and out of place, was a plaster image of the crucifixion.

Sonor Correa was a dark-skinned, hand-some-looking man. He looked—not forbidding—yet there was an air of coldness out of his small, black eyes, surmounted with the heavy bushy Spanish eyebrows, that made one keep his distance.

As he entered, he grasped me cordially by the hand and said, "Sonor, a la casa de Uds' (ear, this is your home), the usual Spanish phrase, which means exactly the opposite of its translation.

By his side was his sister, Senorita Silvia Correa—a tall, striking-looking woman. I took her to be twenty-two; she may have been eighteen. Who can tell those things, anyhow?

A moment later his daughter entered. Her name was Leonora. She was sixteen. Her figure was the rounded perfection of womanhood. Her eyes were as black as the feathers on a lourie, and her skin was fairer and softer looking than the first creased cheek of a loving mother makes for her young infant.

As she was introduced to me she simply lifted her soul stirring eyes, and walked forward to shake my hand. She did it with grace. She was inanimate, too, but, oh, so beautiful.

I forgot to mention that there was a son, Juan by name. He did not cut a very large figure in my thoughts, though he should have done so, for it was through him I met his father, having been introduced to him at the American legation.

He was like all other of the "lajigartas" well dressed and sensible.

I soon knew the Correas very well. Leonora

grew, to my vision, less awkward and inanimate, and more beautiful—and soon I was prostrate. I worshipped her, at a distance necessarily, for we were never allowed to be alone together.

To the president's ball, to the circus, to the theatre, and sometimes to church—frequently to dinner—I was with the Correas. The Leonora knew of my devotion, for though I never expressed it in words, I could tell she showed it a thousand times.

At meeting and parting, I could do no more than give her hand a gentle pressure—I would squeeze it. She did not return it, but then she didn't seem to object to my testing my grip power, and with the usual enthusiasm to which youth is prone I was not disheartened.

For a period of three months this state of affairs continued. I was dining with my pleasant friends one Sunday, and the discussion was what we should do on the following Sunday. It would be Leonora's birthday.

Juan suggested that we take a trip up the "La Gran Vega," the grand canal, and as it seemed to please the young lady immensely, it was decided that we should go.

That night, as I tossed about in my small, uncomfortable, iron bedstead, I resolved that on the following Sunday I should declare my love to Leonora, and if she accepted, live forever in the land of the Aztecs.

I was desperately smitten, and that until my declaration had been made I could never again draw a semi-happy breath.

Everybody had heard of the Mexican bards at the border—a book of phrases. Utterly useless they are, for they are never heard. But this time was the exception. At the back of the book I noticed a glowing, heart-warming love passage.

This I committed to memory, intending to spring it on the not altogether unsuspecting Leonora, on the day of the picnic, when the propitious moment should have arrived.

A trip up the La Gran Vega is one impossible to forget. Our party was a gay one. There were an even dozen of us. Six men and six women. The women had a boat to themselves in which they carried all the delightful delicacies for a repast, which the dark-eyed daughters of the South knew well how to prepare. In the men's boat there was a plentiful supply of pulque, tequila, cognac and cigarettes.

The Grand canal, at the early hour in the morning which we started on our picnic, was not yet filled with the thousand of small craft that later in the evening covers its surface.

The snow-capped volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, seemed to be right in front of us. On either side there was a low, green flat country, teeming with luxuriant vegetation. Under the skillful guidance of the Gondoliers, our tiny little boats were propelled through the shallow, limpid water at a rapid pace.

We swept by the old Spanish fortress, now tumbling in ruins, but as grim and cruel looking as the pictures of the old Spaniards themselves.

By the home of the patriarch bull-fighter, Zacatcas, who had plunged his sword to the hilt in the hearts of two thousand brave "toros," we shot like a flash.

"Through and through!" of the floating gardens, with their little patches of earth covered over with myriads of sweet-smelling roses, we kept along.

Up the old bridge of Santa Maria, on which a troop of cavalry, always drawn up in battle array to collect toll, stood, the beat skinned.

And by the old walls of the city we passed.

But I was dead to the beauties of scenery that morning—and looked more at the diminutive little Miss in the boat on the other side of the canal than I did at the beautiful sights we were flitting by.

In the boat with me was Federico Carvajo, a youngster of eighteen, in love with Leonora. He was said to be wealthy and handsome. I thought him rich and ugly. He had made me uncomfortable three or four times by saying things in Spanish that I did not understand, and because of the coquetry of my tresses and because he had nicknamed me Señor "Fantalones."

The stopping place, twelve miles from the city, was finally reached, and we disembarked for lunch.

Under the trees the tables were spread.

The lunch seemed to me would never end. The abominable old Spanish custom of every one making toast had to be gone through with. When my turn came I stood up, stammered out two or three words, blushed and sat down.

Finally the lunch was over.

Now, I thought, the time has arrived.

One of the features of the entertainment was to ride some burros up a narrow mountain. By taking a long time to get Leonora onto the back of one of the little animals, which is not as tall as a common-sized donkey, I managed to get a little behind the others.

Leonora looked alarmed and cast her eyes down.

Growing desperate, I snatched her to my arms and straining her to my breast, imprinted burning kisses on her breast and cheeks.

I had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps in my frenzy to tell Leonora of my love.

As I turned her loose she gave a shriek and said in Spanish, "Look there."

Not thirty feet away stood Federico Carvajo, an insolent smile upon his face.

He advanced towards us, and shaking his finger in my face exclaimed:

"Sir, you are no gentleman to take advantage of an unprotected girl in that way."

"She loves me," I replied, "and when out of this girl's presence I shall cowhide you for your works."

"She does not love you," he sneered.

"Leonor," I said in an imploring voice, "did I not speak the truth?"

"No," she said smilingly, "Federico is my best friend, and I love him dearly."

The trip back over the canal is a blank to me. Thousands of boats with merry parties passed past us. And as we approached the city, there was but one cry that could be heard over the shrieks of laughter of the jolly crowds, and that was the cry of the enterprising vendors, saying:

"Tomalis! Tomalis! Tomalis!"

The Price of Fur Seal.

(New York Herald.)

The public should be sceptical in relation to the rumors put about concerning the impairment of our seal life in Behring Sea, and a proposed modified lease of our Pribilof Islands, so as to diminish the killing. The lessees must now expend some eleven dollars for every raw skin. That makes the price in Europe very high and is only maintained by a combination of fashion.

"No," she said smilingly, "Federico is my best friend, and I love him dearly."

The memorial lecture was given in Washington on the evening of March 13th, at the residence of Mr. John W. Thompson, and a handsome fund for the monument was realized.

Mrs. Terhune was introduced by the widow of Chief Justice Waite, whose guest she is. It will be repeated in various places for the same object, "The Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities," the scene of whose was so manifest that her hearers were carried with her through all her plans, whatever they may be, for accomplishing it.

CHARLES THALIMER'S LITERARY LIFE.

Mary Virginia Hayes commenced her literary life at the age of fourteen. She was married in 1856 to Rev. Edward F. Terhune, D.D., an eminent divine, whose present charge is a large Reformed church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The marriage has been a most happy union, and much of the literary success of Marion Harland is attributable to the intellectual growth, which has been stimulated by her life with her sympathetic and talented husband.

Her best works (as criticized by herself) are "Eve's Daughters," "Judith," and "A gallant Eight."

She writes a weekly article for "Housekeepers' Weekly," and is contracted to furnish two prominent educational states for Harper & Brothers, give readings and "talks" for charitable objects, and by all her work and her benevolence puts to the blush many unemployed countrywomen.

WORDS OF GRANDE.

At the close of the lecture Hon. William Wirt Henry, who is chairman of the advisory board, read a paper on "Our Responsibility for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities." The speaker's audience was a splendidly educated audience.

CHARLES THALIMER'S COLONIAL CAPITAL.

This is the subject of a very charming lecture to be given by Mr. Charles Washington Coleman, of Williamsburg, Va., who is known among us as a poet of decided merit, and an amateur actor.

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